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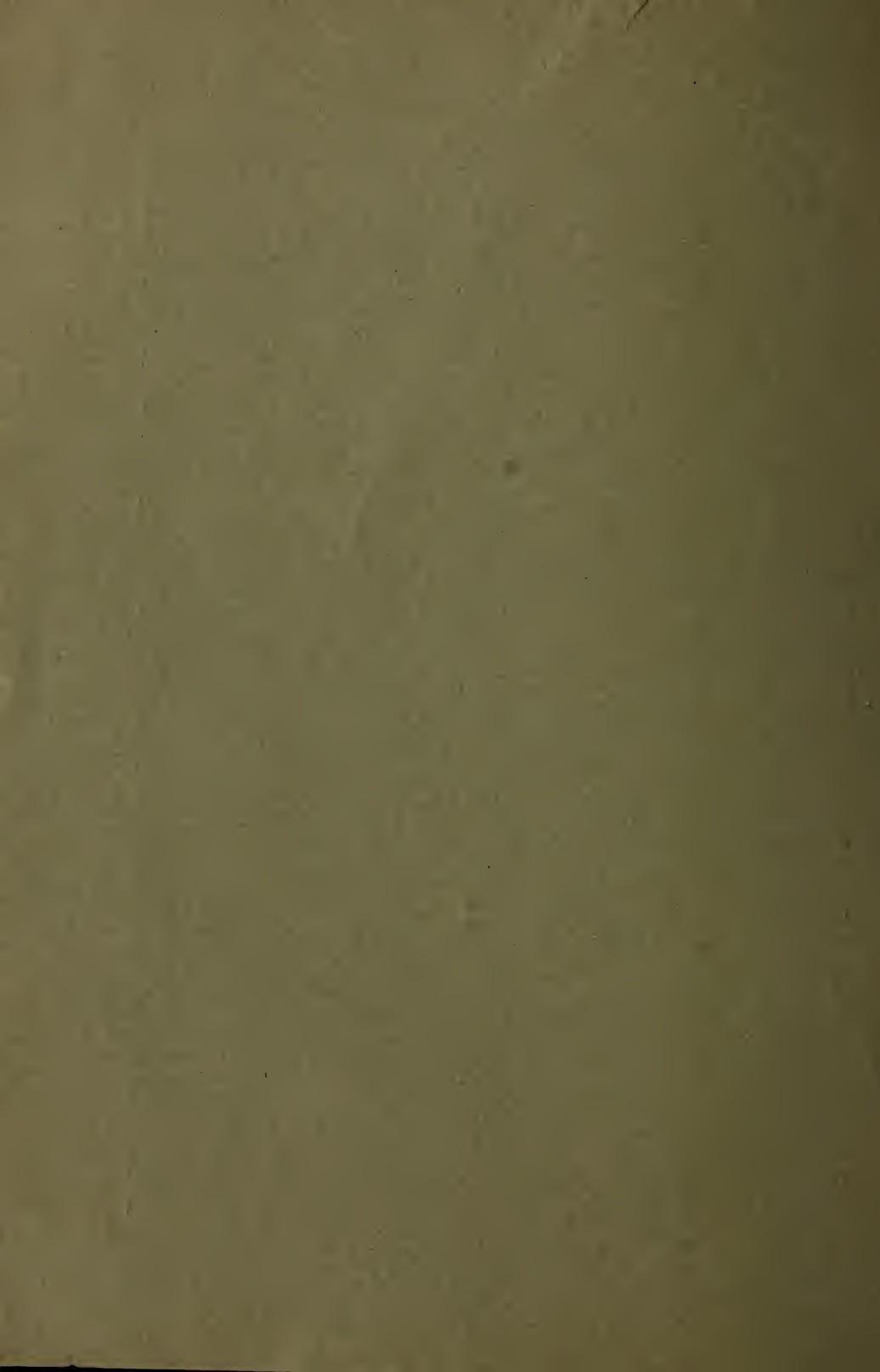
# HONGKONG AND CANTON

THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

NEW YORK AND LONDON







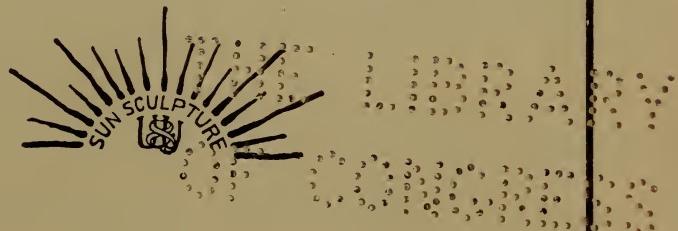
# HONG KONG AND CANTON

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A Part of Underwood & Underwood's  
Stereoscopic Tour through China

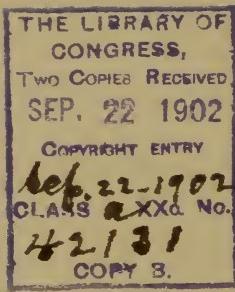
*Personally conducted by*  
**JAMES RICALTON**



**UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD**

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MAP SYSTEM

Patented in the United States, August 21, 1900  
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APR 1966  
C.R.P.

## WHERE ARE WE GOING ?

The ancient empires of Egypt, Phœnicia, Assyria, Babylon and Greece, all passed away. One venerable contemporary of those old empires alone remains to connect the present with the hoary dawn of history; and this solitary antique among the nations of to-day we are now to visit through the stereoscope. Exaggerated claims to the antiquity of Chinese history, identifies the first dynasty, that of Fohi, with Noah of the Bible; but more reliable native historians do not attempt to place authentic records earlier than 1100 B. C. This was during what is known as the Chow dynasty, covering the period when Homer, Hesiod, Zoroaster, David and Solomon lived and when the pyramids of Egypt were built. At this time Roman history was mythical and fabulous, and yet Pa-out-she, a Chinese scholar, had completed a dictionary containing forty thousand characters.

The mariner's compass was known to the Chinese at this early period. History also records that Fong, a ruler of this time, built a Tartar city in five days; that permanent political institutions were established as early as 800 B. C.

When we remember that one of the oldest and most progressive among those ancient empires exists to-day not essentially altered in her customs, laws and institutions, what an interesting study is therein offered to us!

We can see Egypt under the Khedive, but not under Rameses; we have seen Italy under Victor Emmanuel;

but we cannot see Rome under Julius Cæsar, nor Greece in the time of Pericles. We know Palestine under the Sultan; but we cannot behold Judea under Solomon. It is now possible for us to look upon the dreary plains of the Euphrates; but we can only read of the splendor of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar and the world-encompassing Macedonian Empire under Alexander the Great. To see life as it existed in any part of the world three thousand years ago is a rare privilege. Yet to see China is to turn back the wheels of time and gaze into the dawn of human history. We delight to stroll through a museum of antiquities and look at isolated objects that carry us back to former ages. In China, a veritable world of antiquities, relatively associated, moral, social, literary, political and industrial, are offered for our inspection. The word change was not in Pa-out-she's dictionary, and China under the Manchus is China under Chow.

Nor is it altogether her antiquity that offers so interesting a subject for study; she is at this time a puzzle among the nations, and promises to be, in the future, a gigantic and mysterious force. During the recent Boxer uprising, we have witnessed this oldest of the world's empires, proud of her history and tenacious of her time-honored civilization, hurling back the encroachments of modernism. None of the nations of this age are so little known—so misunderstood, yet so relentlessly assailed; but when she learns her own latent strength and how to use it, the aggressive cupidity of the Occident may hesitate to assail her.

It has been my privilege to visit many countries in different parts of the world; twice I have wandered over portions of the "Flowery Kingdom," and I do not hesitate to assure those who are to follow me on this jour-

ney of observation that nowhere over the whole world could we see so much of the past which is still in the present, and so many differences in conditions of life from what we are accustomed to see in our home surroundings.

### ***How Are We Going?***

In previous journeys I have seen China with my natural eyes; during this itinerary we shall see, so to speak, with our stereoscopic eyes; and having used both these media of sightseeing, I wish to state to those not already familiar with the genuine realism of the stereograph, that its power to produce vivid and permanent impressions on the mind is scarcely less than that of one's natural vision; that it gives accuracy in size, proportion, distance and perspective; and, besides these things, it gives a vivid and fascinating effect that almost equals reality in producing pleasurable sensations and in giving a sort of mental emphasis which fixes all impressions.

The stereograph tells no lies; it is binocular—it gives the impression that each eye would receive on the ground, affording essentially perfect vision and giving the most realistic ocular perception attainable in the photographic art. The telescope brings distant objects apparently near; the microscope magnifies the appearance of objects; the stereopticon or magic lantern magnifies images that have been produced by monocular vision (a single lens)—all more or less deceptive, and showing objects only on a single plane, while the stereograph virtually projects solid figures into space before us.

Furthermore, sight is our cleverest sense in the acquisition of knowledge; to see is to know. All prin-

ples of instruction are being more and more based on a recognition of this truism. Any art, device, or principle best calculated to bring objects clearly and truthfully before the eyes is, therefore, surely the best means of imparting instruction.

If you cannot visit a country and see it as the traveller does, do the next best thing and see it through that miracle of realism, the stereograph. To make this possible I have spent a year in the land through which you are now to accompany me.

It might be of interest to you to know that the beginning of my itinerary in China follows the conclusion of a year spent in the Philippine Islands, which was marked by all the vicissitudes and experiences of our flag-planting in the Orient. When I reached Manila, scarcely had the clanking of the anchor chains ceased when all on board our ship were startled by the sharp popping of Krags and Mausers only a few miles away. This was soon after the first conflict between the Americans and the insurgents; so that the year following embraced the most important events of our war in the Philippines, during which time I was at the front, not only in Luzon, but also in the southern islands of Panay and Cebu, and made during that time nearly nineteen hundred negatives representing war, life and industrial scenes.

Then I proceeded to China, where I stereographed many hundreds of places, though time and space will permit us to visit through the stereoscope only a single hundred, and these will take us to some of the more important treaty ports, some of the interior cities of China, and then into the midst of the Boxer uprising, or the war of China against the world; and this, it is hoped, will stimulate a desire to more fully understand this peculiar country and her people.

***How to Use Stereographs.***

a. Experiment with the sliding-rack which holds the stereograph until you find the distance that suits the focus of your own eyes. This distance varies greatly with different people.

b. Have a strong, steady light on the stereograph. This is often best obtainable by sitting with the back toward window or lamp, letting the light fall over one's shoulder on the face of the stereograph.

c. Hold the stereograph with the hood close against the forehead and temples, shutting off entirely all immediate surroundings. The less you are conscious of things close about you the more strong will be your feeling of actual presence in the scenes you are studying.

d. Make constant use of the special patented maps in the back of this book. First, read the statements in regard to the *location on the appropriate maps*, of a place you are about to see, so as to have already in mind, when you look at a given scene, just where you are and what is before you. After looking at the scene for the purpose of getting your location and the points of the compass clear, then read the explanatory comments on it. You will like to read portions of the text again after once looking at the stereograph, and then return to the view. Repeated returns to the text may be desirable where there are many details to be discovered. But read through once the text that bears on the location of each stereograph before taking up the stereograph in question; in this way you will know just where you are, and the feeling of actual presence on the ground will be much more real and satisfactory. On the maps you will find given the exact location of each successive stand-point (at the apex of the red V in most cases) and the exact range of the view obtained from that stand-point

(shown in each case by the space included between the spreading arms of the V). The map system is admirably clear and satisfactory, giving an accurate idea of the progress of the journey and really making one feel, after a little, quite at home among the streets of Canton and Pekin.

*e.* Go slowly. Tourists are often reproached for their nervously hurried and superficial ways of glancing at sights in foreign lands. Travel by means of stereographs encourages leisurely and thoughtful enjoyment of whatever is worth enjoying. You may linger as long as you like in any particularly interesting spot, without fear of being left behind by train or steamboat. Indeed, you may return to the same spot as many times as you like without any thought of repeated expense! Herein lies one of the chief delights of China-in-stereographs—its easy accessibility.

## CHINA THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE.

"I felt I was right on the spot," said a man, as he leaned back in his chair and took his head from the stereoscope in which he had been looking along the crowded wharves of Canton. Though one might not at first think so, this remark was descriptive of the *facts* of this man's experience. Let us see if we cannot show in a few minutes that this is true.

It is now being recognized that with the proper attention and the appropriate helps, maps, etc., a person can obtain in the stereoscope a definite sense or experience of geographical location in that part of the earth he sees represented before him. Moreover, it is recognized that to get this sense of location means that we have gained not merely the same visual impressions in all essential respects that we would gain if there in body, but also part of the very same feelings we would experience there; the only difference in the feelings being one of quantity or intensity, not of *kind*.

But some one objects probably that this man's experience in connection with the stereoscope could not have been a real experience of being in Canton, because it was not the real Canton before him.

But what would be this man's object in going as a traveller to Canton? As a traveller he certainly does not

go to possess himself of that city's material buildings and streets. No traveller brings any material houses or fields back with him. No, the object of the traveller in going so far, at the cost of so much time and trouble, is to get *certain experiences of being in China*. It is not the land, but the experiences he is after.

This makes it clear, then, that in whatever place he stands he is concerned with *two kinds* of realities. First the earth, people, trees, the realities of the physical world; second, the states of his consciousness, made up of thoughts, emotions, desires, the *realities* of his mental or soul life. The physical realities which are so often thought of as the only realities, serve simply as the means of inducing the states of consciousness, the mental reality, the end sought.

Now it will be easier to understand how it is possible for us to be dealing with *genuine experiences of travel* in the stereoscope. For we can see that proving there is no real Canton before a man in the stereoscope does not prove there is no real soul state within him, no genuine experience of being in Canton. "In the stereoscope *we are dealing with realities*, but they are the realities of *soul states*, not the realities of outward physical things." We cannot see too clearly, then, that on this stereoscopic tour, we may have real experiences of being in China.\*

But to get these experiences in connection with the rep-

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Send for our booklets, "Light on Stereographs" and "The Stereoscope and Stereoscopic Photographs," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. See article, "Extraordinary Results from Stereoscopic Photographs," in the magazine *The Stereoscopic Photograph*, March, 1902.

resentation of a place in the stereoscope, certain conditions must be observed. We must look intently and with some thought, not only of the location of what is before us, but also of what exists, though we do not see it, on our right or left or behind us. We certainly could not expect to gain a definite consciousness or experience of location in any place, unless we knew where that place was and what were its surroundings.

To give people this knowledge in connection with the stereographs, a new patent map system has been devised and patented. There are eight maps and plans made according to this system which are used with the complete China tour. Three of these maps, Nos. 2, 3 and 4, are given in the back of this booklet for this special Hong-kong and Canton tour.

Opening now Map No. 2, we find in outline the eastern part of China, from French or Indo-China on the south to Russian Siberia on the north. Here we can get in mind the route of the complete tour through China. The first place visited is Hongkong, found on the seacoast in the most southern part of the Empire. The red line, which starts from this city and extends toward the north along the seacoast, and into the country at several points, indicates the route to be followed. Noting this route more carefully now, we see that a person proceeds inland nearly a hundred miles from Hongkong to Canton; returning, he goes along the coast nearly a thousand miles to Shanghai. From Shanghai he takes a special trip to Ningpo, over one hundred miles south, to Soo-chow, fifty miles northeast,

then to Hankow, six hundred miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang. From that great inland tea port of China, he goes one hundred miles south into the country to Matin. On the return trip down the Yang-tse-Kiang, stops are made at Kinkow and Nankin. Reaching the coast again the next stop is at Cheefoo, nearly five hundred miles north. After Cheefoo, he proceeds directly to the seat of war operations of the allied nations against China, at Taku, Tien-tsin and Pekin. The rectangles in red on this map No. 2 indicate the sections of the country given on a larger scale on special maps.

In this booklet we have to do only with the tour through Hongkong and Canton.

## HONGKONG.

Let us now turn to the first of the special maps, Map No. 3, which covers the territory from Hongkong to Canton. Here we can tell with definiteness where we are to stand first in China. Find the island of Hongkong and the city of Victoria or of Hongkong on its northern side, in the lower right-hand portion of the map. Note the number 1, in a circle, both in red, above the island of Hongkong. From this encircled number, a zigzag line runs to the apex of two red lines which branch toward the west, or slightly south of west. We are to stand now at the apex of those lines, on board a ship in the harbor of Hongkong, and look to that part of the city which the lines inclose.

### ***I. Britain's Rich Mart of the Orient—Hongkong from the Harbor.***

We are on the upper deck of one of the many steamers that ride at anchor in the beautiful harbor of Hongkong, and there we see before us in the distance, at the base of that dark, green mountain side, the city of Victoria, generally called Hongkong, after the island on which it is situated. We are not, however, yet in China. We are looking southwest and the mainland lies on our right, distant only a mile or two, and which we shall soon see from the slope of the mountain in front of us. A little to the left

of the highest point of that somber elevation floats the English flag, that grand old symbol of our fatherland, on which, you know, the sun never sets. Only a small portion of the island is within the range of our vision. To our left, the city skirts the base of the rugged mountain for several miles; and should we follow the winding and irregular coast line and complete a circuit of the island, it would require a journey of over thirty miles; and should we ascend that dark green slope by cable tramway or by winding shady path, a climb of two thousand feet would be rewarded by a panorama scarcely surpassed in the whole world. The summit of that mountain island is a maze of peaks and dells dotted everywhere with cozy villas of the wealthy who find there a cool and healthful retreat from the languishing summer heat of the city below.

But before giving further attention to this city, let us be sure we have a definite consciousness of our surroundings in this part of the world. Remember we are looking somewhat south of west here. Then by reference to the maps we can see that the great mass of China lies off to our right, stretching away for over two thousand miles. Directly before us, six hundred miles distant, is French or Indo-China, and further in that direction is Siam and the Malay Peninsula, Singapore being nearly fifteen hundred miles away. Luzon, the northernmost of the Philippine Islands, lies over six hundred miles sharply to our left. Back of us is Formosa, about four hundred miles away, while Tokio, Japan, is one thousand miles beyond Formosa. San Francisco is nearly six thousand miles distant

behind us and over our left shoulder. Now, with a clearer sense of our location in this part of the earth, we will give further attention to this place immediately before us.

Hongkong is a British crown colony and was a "voluntary" cession from China made sixty years ago, in settlement of trade difficulties between the two countries which had extended over a period of two hundred years. It is now the most important entrepot of the far East, with a native population of two hundred and fifty thousand and about twelve thousand Europeans.

That water front, which you see, is lined with commodious modern office buildings, granite quays and landing stages, around which queer native boats called sampans, manned by native women, ply their trade of carrying passengers from point to point.

In the center of our field of vision a distant mountain peeps over the shoulder of Victoria Peak. It is Mount Davis, nearly nine hundred feet high, and around its base is a Chinese cemetery. Between Mount Davis and the sea, on a gentle slope facing the northeast, thousands of little mounds, designated by simple board tablets, indicate the burial place of the victims of the bubonic plague which has prevailed for many years in this city. The cemetery is not an attractive resort. Neither the friends of the victims buried there nor leisure strollers are ever seen near the silent hillside; there even the dead menace the lives of the living.

On the roof of this little house directly before us, in which John "makee washee, washee," we see squatted

three coolies in the characteristic position of the lower classes, not only of China, but of many other Oriental countries. If the classification of men were made on the same plan as that of birds by ornithologists, these fellows would be styled perchers; for, whether eating, smoking, resting, or in social confab, they are always in this couchant and ungraceful pose.

We can see three large, new buildings on the quay, facing the harbor; the farthest of those buildings was a place of much importance during the Spanish-American war. It is the Cable building, and it was to that place that all war dispatches were brought for transmission after the cable was cut in the bay of Manila.

We shall go ashore in a sampan, most likely sculled by a Chinese mother with a babe tied at her back. We shall land near those same buildings and follow a well-paved street toward the mountain side. The second street we pass, Queen's Road, the chief thoroughfare, is almost impassable at times, so full is it with darting jinrikishas and sedan chairs, borne by chair coolies. We ascend the mountain slope along beautiful walks and through botanical gardens embowered in every species of tropical palm and tree-fern, and past well kept lawns studded with bright flower beds, until we have reached an elevation of nearly a thousand feet somewhat farther to the left than we can see, when we turn about and from our elevated viewpoint look back in this direction upon the busiest and most beautiful harbor of the Orient. This new position is given on the map of Hongkong and vicinity by the two red

lines that branch north from the island, each having the number 2 at its end.

**2. Looking Across the Bay to Kowloon and Main-land from Bowen Road, above Hongkong.**

Now we obtain our first sight of the main-land of China, but scarcely yet do we see Chinese territory, for all that portion of the mainland now within our view is under the British flag, England having in recent years leased for a period of ninety-nine years (which an Englishman knows means forever) a peninsula embracing many square miles of territory, and extending many miles beyond those rocky mountains. The military and naval defenses of Hongkong would be quite insecure unless England held adjacent lands on the mainland shore before us. To the right and to the left of those bold barren mountains are sheltered bays from which a foreign fleet with modern guns could hurl monstrous projectiles to the very spot on which we stand. Mirs Bay, that memorable retreat of Admiral Dewey, when compelled by the enforcement of England's neutrality to leave the port of Hongkong, is only ten miles away, just behind those mountains to the right. We are now looking a little to the east of north.

If we now look down to the harbor before us we may see, quite to the right and farthest away, the long black cargo ship on which we stood when we obtained our first view, and a little nearer we see a large white mastless hull roofed over and anchored fore and aft; that is a naval re-

ceiving ship of the station, to which naval men and officers are brought when transfers are to be made.

A little nearer we see a long, rakish, crouching, demoniacal looking craft with a skulking lowness in the water. Her appearance betrays her—she is a torpedo boat. In the center of our field of vision we see a large white ship with three funnels; her lines indicate other purposes than the pursuit of commerce. She is plainly a warship. Our field of vision embraces only a narrow space across the channel; throughout its full length there are seldom fewer than fifteen or twenty of these grim arbiters anchored in this focus of Oriental commerce, and they are mostly English. What a wonderful country is England!

Across the harbor immediately before us, and to the right of the projecting headland, are situated the city and harbor of Kowloon, at which are dry docks that will accommodate the largest warships. We can faintly see the docks across that small bay beyond a sharp point of land, to the right of the city. It was there that several of the Spanish warships destroyed by our fleet in Manila Bay were taken for reconstruction under the supervision of the brave hero of the "Merrimac," Lieutenant Hobson. The water front at Kowloon is lined with piers to accommodate the largest ocean ships. It is out there at Kowloon that all cargoes to and from distant ports are loaded and discharged. Vast storehouses, or "godowns" as they are named in the East, to accommodate transshipment, are ranged near the piers. It is estimated that the actual trade of the European col-

ony, exclusive of the cargoes which pass through this port without breaking bulk, is over 100,000,000 pounds per annum. Many passenger steamers for Europe and America coal and embark passengers from the docks at Kowloon; but the boats of the Pacific Mail, the Canadian Pacific and most of the great lines for Europe receive and discharge their cargoes and embark and debark passengers at their anchorage in the harbor, which extends a mile or more on either hand in the bay between us and the opposite shore. The harbor front at Kowloon presents a busy scene; rail-trucks are constantly thundering back and forth between the long piers and the godowns, coolies, in long lines, waddling under heavy loads carried on bamboo poles, pass to and fro uttering a weird, rhythmical cry which they think helps to dispel a consciousness of physical burden. At frequent intervals small steam ferry-boats ply between Hongkong and Kowloon, carrying first-class passengers at five-cent fares and second-class at half that amount. I must remind you, however, that the busy commercial port we see across the bay is not the *native* city of Kowloon. What we see is chiefly the result of England's commercial development. A water-front embracing about three square miles was here added to the colony of Hongkong thirty-five years ago. Before this section was ceded to the English, it had been a haunt for smugglers and all the lawless rabble around about. A few miles out among those low hills a granite boulder marks the place of the surrender of the last of the Taipings.

The native city of the same name is hidden among the

low hills three miles distant and a little to our right. The *native* Kowloon is a typical old Chinese city of low one-story buildings with tile roofs and surrounded by a dilapidated brick wall.

Those mountains in the distance are rocky and barren as is frequently the case near the sea-coast; but beyond are many fertile and well-cultivated valleys producing rice, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, garden fruits and vegetables. In some portions of this peninsula that curious nut or fruit, sometimes seen in our markets, called the lichee, is abundantly produced. Along that mountain range to the left, distinctly visible from positions near us, is a long line of excavation that shows the beginning of a railroad that is to connect Hongkong and Canton.

When we looked at Hongkong from the ship your attention was called to three buildings, one containing the cable office; those buildings are again before us, down by the harbor. On the left is the Cable building. A little further to the left, just to the right of the tree before us, and about half way to the Cable building, is St. John's Protestant Cathedral, a pretty building erected over fifty years ago, with a seating capacity for eight hundred. And below us to the left of the tree we see the spire of the Union Church, erected two years before the former and seating about five hundred people. Looking at European churches in the Far East naturally reminds one of schools. Much encouragement has been given in that direction in Hongkong, and the Chinese inhabitants are quite alive to the importance of education. Nearly nine thousand children are

in attendance at the public schools. I once visited a native school here. When approaching the schoolhouse I was amazed at the great volume of vocal noise proceeding from within the schoolroom. On entering I soon learned that all the pupils were studying aloud, and very loud. I asked the teacher, who spoke intelligible English, if Chinese pupils always study in this fashion. He replied that "Chinamen believe study muchee loud remember more better." This is a thought for the teacher who is fond of hearing a "pin drop," and a plea for the boy who isn't.

Within a few feet of us we see some of the vegetation on the mountain-side, and sections of the occasional pine-trees. My native boy supports himself against one as he also scans the panorama. I do not now remember whether his back presentation was from choice or necessity, because sometimes the lower classes can be induced to present their backs to the camera when vast sums of money would not induce them to face that dire instrument of evil, believing that when their faces are photographed a part of their identity is forever lost to them, and this becomes a serious matter in their ancestral worship.

## CANTON.

We have seen the mainland of China from Hongkong. We shall return again to the harbor, pass along the waterfront to the left for a half-mile, and board a steamer for Canton, distant about seventy-five miles. After landing at Canton we shall go a short distance above the landing-place to the Imperial Custom House, from the roof of which we shall look back down the river over the route from Hongkong.

Let us turn to the special map of Canton, Map No. 4, where we find our position and field of vision shown by the red lines which start from near the river and branch toward the right. The number 3 is found near the apex and at the ends of these lines.

### *3. Looking down the Chukiang River into the Homes of the 400,000 Boat Population of Canton.*

There is the Chukiang or Pearl River leading down to Hongkong. We are looking directly east now. Our large side-wheel steamer lies still at her dock. Two steamers of this class, besides several other boats that carry freight and a few passengers, ply daily between Canton and Hongkong. These side-wheel boats are of European construction and are quite similar to those that ply between New York and Albany on the Hudson River. They have accommodations for first-class European pas-

sengers and a separate accommodation for first-class native passengers, besides an entire lower deck for the second-class Chinese, who are carried between the two ports at fifty-cent fares; first-class natives are carried for one dollar, while European travellers are charged at the civilized rate of eight dollars for the same short passage.

We are looking due east, and the water before us is only one branch of the Canton or Pearl River. The land on the right of the steamer is an island five or six miles long, and beyond it is another broad affluent of the Canton River. That island on the right bank is densely populated and forms an important suburb to the city of Canton, which lies on the north bank and extends several miles in every direction from our point of view.

The scene before us is one of the most interesting features of the myriad life of China's greatest commercial city. As far as our sight can reach we see boats; these boats are homes in which millions of human beings have been born, have lived and have died; and in many cases without ever having set foot on land. It has been estimated that in these floating homes from two hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand lives are daily rising and falling with the tide.

The inhabitants of these floating dwellings are called Tankia, which means boat-dwellers; their ancestors were also amphibians. They are looked upon as a class below the land people, and they have many customs peculiar to themselves. Their house-boats range in size from fifteen feet to fifty and sixty feet in length. It has been estimated

that eighty-five thousand of these boats are about Canton and that, of this number, forty thousand are permanently located. On many of them pigs and chickens are reared, and in many cases when the smallness of the boat does not afford deck space for such stock, a box or cage is suspended from the stern to serve as a pig-pen or a chicken-coop. This way of securing comparatively free homesteads has seldom occurred to the poor of other countries. For centuries the Chinese have used boats for dwellings, and having a free anchorage their building sites cost nothing. A house-boat that will accommodate a moderate-sized family can be obtained for twenty dollars. A house for twenty dollars and a free site surpass all Western residential economics; but for one hundred dollars a boat almost luxurious in appointments, according to the Tanka's order of life, can be obtained.

Most of the boats we can see here are small. A thatch of palm leaves or a cover of matting over a portion of each boat protects the occupants from sun and rain and serves as an eating and sleeping place. We speak of limitation of space, as things "in a nutshell," but here in the small compass of a fifteen-foot boat there are births, deaths and funerals; there are henneries and pig-pens, and even flower-gardening, particularly on the larger boats, where considerable space in the bow is set apart for flower-pots.

Sometimes European travellers who wish to make a prolonged sojourn in the vicinity of Canton, and do not care to pay the high prices charged in the one hotel, hire a comfortable house-boat which can be had for one dollar

per day. In that case the native owners occupy a small space in the bow, where all cooking is done for the traveller without extra cost, with the additional advantage of free transportation to any point on the river.

One naturally wonders how this swarming population of river-dwellers is maintained, and the answer is chiefly by transporting merchandise and by carrying passengers from place to place. In some cases daughters go ashore to work in factories as girls do in other countries; but the factory girl's annual income in China would scarcely buy an American girl's hat.

On that dock between the steamers and the shore you see several huge casks; if you were on board the steamer you would find many of these filled with water and alive with large and beautiful fish for the Hongkong market, where they are delivered alive.

Down the river beyond the steamer and before reaching that dark group of buildings we can see several ranges of larger boats extending from mid-stream toward the shore on the left. Out there we shall see floating dwellings of more beautiful construction. From those boats called "flower-boats" we shall look toward the city, on our left here. On the Map No. 4 the red lines connected with the number 4 show the relation between our two positions.

#### *4. A Street of Flower-boats—Places of Amusement and Debauchery, Canton.*

We stand on the upper deck or roof of one of these boats and look northward toward the shore and over the

city. A range of flower-boats lies between us and the shore. These may be called the summer-gardens of Canton. They are often gorgeously furnished within; the woodwork is carved; the walls are hung with pictures and embroideries; wall mirrors duplicate all objects of ornamentation; the furniture is inlaid with mother-of-pearl; flowers, both natural and artificial, furnish an abundance of color; and every night these popular resorts are filled with seekers after pleasure and recreation. The opium smoker with his seductive pipe comes here to dispel his cares with this insidious narcotic; the gambler comes to these flower-boats to try his fortune at fan-tan or other Chinese games, for gambling is one of China's national vices.

Although the Chinese are an industrious race, they often have an excess of leisure, and too much leisure always creates a desire for a pastime or for pleasure resorts—"An idle brain is the devil's workshop." As our idlers repair to a saloon or a summer-garden, so the Chinese idlers, as well as Chinese professional chance men, come to these flower-boats to win at cards, at dominoes, or dice. The passion for gambling is universal, and the stereotyped invitation "Buy a chance and get rich," is heard everywhere. So the gaudy interiors of these floating dens of vice are nightly filled with sharpers, with idlers, with gamblers and desperate characters.

Most travellers and tourists who come to Canton seldom spend more than two or three days in visiting the various places of interest. Many come on the morning steamer

and return to Hongkong by the night boat of the same day. It is not a desirable place for a long sojourn. There is so much that is repellent besides the exorbitant prices of poor hotels that a single day may satisfy the sightseer; naturally, therefore, there is a set number of places to be visited in a limited time, and one of these places is the flower-boats. A question one constantly hears at the hotel is, "Have you been to the flower-boats?" They have a sort of Monte Carlo notoriety that makes them an object of interest to all travellers.

These boats cost from five hundred to a thousand dollars, and are generally owned by the men in charge of them. At night these boats are illuminated brilliantly with lamps and lanterns, and patrons come and go by boats and along those projecting bows. Then they are not safe places to visit unless accompanied by a guide; but during the day they are vacated except by the owners and their families whom we see engaged in their daily routine of putting their boats in order for another night's round of feasting, gambling and dissipation. One woman is whipping the dust from chair and settee cushions. Two girls have spied us and are gazing quizzically at our strange manner and appearance. A little beyond, a dame with her back toward us is delivering the morning gossip to her neighbors on the next boat, while her liege by her side, with "turned-up pantaloons," is on daily avocations bent.

Beyond the small house-boat two men in characteristic crouching pose are plainly watching the "foreign devils"

and commenting thereon in a foul sarcasm only possible among Chinese. We see near the same place a woman perched on the roof; we can see another in the distance. With us "Time is money," with the Chinese time is of little account, but space is money. The top of the flower-boat is a place for storage and for clothes-lines, which you see are poles.

Although space is valuable and upper space is free, yet the Chinese do not evidently take to "sky-scrapers," as you can judge from the single story buildings everywhere. Pawn shops, however, constitute a curious exception to the rule of low buildings, two of which you may see in the distance. These pawn shops form landmarks in Chinese cities and may be seen at great distances towering above all other buildings.

Just before these flower-boats we have a good example of a small house-boat—its shape, its roof, and a projection over the stern, where, as I have already stated, are placed the pig-box and the hen-coop. We have heard of countries where the pig is kept in the parlor; but in the house-boat space is more valuable. There is not much choice, however, for the porcine member in one case has more space, in the other better ventilation.

You see those garments hung out to dry on poles and near them, also on poles, objects that might be mistaken for sheepskins; they are mackintoshes—rain coats made of bamboo leaves; they serve their purpose well and only cost from ten to twenty cents each.

Notice now a short distance over in the city an object which in other countries would be taken for a flag-pole, with an arrangement resembling the cross trees on a ship's mast. That pole you will see in every city and large town in China. It marks the residence of a mandarin, and it is often a convenience when travelling in China to know just where the mandarin, in a town or village, lives.

We are here looking almost due north, and by following a northerly direction for several miles we shall find ourselves next standing on the northern side of the city and looking almost directly towards the spot we now occupy. The red lines starting from the number 5 near the top of Map No. 4 and toward the southeast show our position and field of vision.

##### *5. Canton, the Vast Metropolis of China, from the Pagoda on the Northern Wall.*

We are now standing on a low hill on the northern side of the city with the city wall just behind us, and looking a little east of south toward the Canton River, which we see in the distance. The greatest commercial emporium of Asia is spread out over the plain before us, extending eastward and westward for many miles. That vast hive of human life is encompassed by a high brick wall seven miles in circumference, and within that wall a million human beings are toiling for a livelihood. Almost an equal number have outgrown the limits of the ancient wall and spread out into the suburbs and across the river. We cannot from this distance look into one of the narrow busy streets; but this we shall do on our return.

Here we must be content to look over that vast urban world and reflect. A distant panoramic view of any city always leaves much for the imagination, just as when we look at the exterior of a single house, the interior life is for the imagination. Notice the low one-story brick buildings with tile roofs. The brick is not red, but drab or gray; no paint can be seen anywhere; very little is used in the whole empire. But you notice here that, although the Chinese are innocent of the expensive æstheticism of paint, they are not ignorant of the use of whitewash.

We can observe an occasional clump of trees; but no high chimneys. We can see no church spires; but there are one hundred and twenty temples down in that great sea of lowly homes. There are fourteen high schools and thirty colleges. Of course, they are not Yales or Ox-fords, but they are somewhat educational.

People are carried from place to place through the narrow winding streets in sedan-chairs, and it is probably not unsafe with respect to truth to say that not one wheeled vehicle could be found within the entire range of our vision.

If by some power the real inwardness of all the social and industrial life in this panorama could be disclosed to us, what a marvelous scene we should behold! There are palaces after a fashion; there are hospitals; there are arsenals; there are ancestral halls; there are prisons; there is the imperial mint; there is the execution ground where beheading is done; there are scores of markets, in-

cluding a cat-market and a dog-market, where these domestic friends are sold for food. There are seventeen thousand people engaged in silk weaving; and not in great factories, but in small dingy homes where hand-made bamboo looms turn out the delicate fabrics with which our stores are filled, and those magnificent brocades which charm our fancies. There are fifty thousand people making cloth; and there are over four thousand shoemakers; there are great numbers of wood-carvers, stone-cutters and workers in iron, brass, ivory and silver.

It is a world of ceaseless industry; it is likewise a world of vice, as I have already intimated, and has acquired an infamous celebrity for profligacy and corruption; it contains the greatest number of the worst specimens that can be found in the empire. A retiring viceroy once expressed himself thus about Canton: "Deceit and falsehood prevail everywhere in this city, in all ranks and in all places. There is no truth in man, nor honesty in woman." At one time there was an organized band of twenty thousand robbers. There are countless tea-houses and opium-joints and gambling dens. But we cannot gaze longer over this broad panorama of busy industry and unspeakable vice.

We must now turn our attention in the opposite direction; we shall step upon the wall and look northwest. Then we shall have an aspect of the landscape where there is no suburb beyond the wall. See the red lines marked 6 at the top of Map No. 4.

**6. Panorama Northwest from the Northern Wall of the City, Canton.**

We are at the northern edge of the river plain, from which a rolling surface extends to the mountains in the distance. We are looking out toward the great heart of China. We see a country where only the low land is cultivated and where the hills and mountains are without timber except for an occasional clump of trees. With us it is usually only the rocky character of the soil which prevents cultivation. In China there is another cause of neglected cultivation. It is the vast amount of ground occupied by tombs which can never be removed nor disturbed. The hills, both to the right and to the left, are old cemeteries. You can see the partially obliterated graves, but the ground is sacred for all time. Agriculture and ancestral worship know no truce; these are the state and church in China. The area of valuable land occupied by graves has long been a serious curtailment of agricultural resources. This can be better understood when we consider that the venerated graves of ancestry have been preserved for thousands of years.

Down in the little vale below us we can see examples of the care with which the Chinaman cultivates his ground. Here he is evidently a truck gardener for the great market near at hand; you see how carefully the ground is ridged; how the streamlet from the hillside is carried around the walled compound and along the slope at a proper elevation for irrigating his plot of ground; that it is continued along the base of the hill to his neighbor beyond, where it

again does its work of irrigation, and so down the plain in the benevolent perpetuity of Tennyson's "Brook."

We call the aborigines who built and lived in mounds, mound-builders. We might call the Chinese wall-builders. They built the greatest wall in the world—a barrier to repel the Tartars—and how long before that period they were wall-builders we do not know. We know that from time to time to the present they have been defending their cities by prodigious fortifications; that their homes within walled cities are also protected by walls; that even their country houses are encompassed in the same way; that our missionaries in China imitate the wall-building instinct of the natives and encompass their compounds with high, exclusive and defensive walls. Now notice the home of that evidently well-to-do gardener—how carefully a wall incloses and defends all within; yet it must be confessed that these ramparts would scarcely be a protection against Western thieves. Walls may do for the East; but bullets or buckshot are necessary for the Western Tartar.

Let us now turn about, pass through the heart of the great city and look into one of the narrow congested thoroughfares.

#### *7. Looking into Shappat-po Street, from one of the Nightwatch Bridges, Canton.*

We are standing on a foot-bridge that enables night policemen to pass from roof to roof, and are looking down into Shappat-po Street, one of the principal business

streets, especially for merchants who deal in European goods. Shappat-po Street is a curious sounding name in our ears because it has not been anglicized. Another street near by called Hog Lane is more intelligible to the Anglo-Saxon, and would scarcely be a misnomer if applied to any of the streets, so narrow and dirty are they all.

I am sure it will not diminish your interest in the scene before us should I state how difficult it is to photograph a dark, narrow, crowded thoroughfare in Canton. Before finding this street, which is more open and better lighted than most streets, I had made three different unsuccessful attempts on different days to obtain a street scene. I had endeavored to hire policemen to stop, for a few moments only, the passing throng, until I could set my camera for a time exposure, as all streets are too dark for instantaneous work. The policemen said they could never stop the crowd. In this place I found an American Mission reading-room, from the roof of which I reached the bridge on which we stand, where some light penetrates into the street below.

A little farther along we can see another foot-bridge over this street, similar to the one on which we stand. Policemen nightly patrol these roofs and cross the streets on these bridges. The buildings are low and the streets are closed by gates or barricades at frequent distances; so that thieves can most readily reach the shops and pass from place to place along the roofs. A further reason for the bridges is that much industrial work is done on the

roofs; clothes are here hung out to dry; frames are erected everywhere for the coloring and drying of cloth and yarn. You will perceive a halt among those passers below; they have plainly spied the operator, but do not suspect that the eyes of a stereoscopic camera ever look down into that closely sheltered chasm.

Note how the vertical signs are suspended from poles extended from roof to roof. These characters have little resemblance to our Roman letters; they are read downwards. The nearest sign-board on our left gives simply the name of the shopkeeper, Kwo Heung. The second, in the center of the street, gives the owner's name, Tai Chung Loong, followed by words which in English would be—Sewing machine manufactured goods. The next vertical sign to the right belongs to Tin Wah Gok. Another to Wing Fong Lau, who, according to his sign, is a dealer in paper fans, panels and decorated pictures. Do you see the one horizontal board both in English and Chinese which tells us that artificial speech and song have a fascination for the "heathen Chinee"? Here in the very heart of this great, strange hive of human life the phonograph and graphophone are for sale.

Should we go down and enter one of those stores, the doorway would soon be blocked by men and boys (not women, because very few are seen on the streets) who would stop and glower at us as we might stop and gaze curiously at a wild man from some strange land. The shopkeeper would not importune us to buy, neither would he attempt to repel the gaping crowd that fills his door-

way; he would stare at us himself, smoke his pipe and keep his seat in statuesque stolidity and scornful indifference, as much as to say: "Not dependent on the patronage of 'foreign-devils.'" Mongolian etiquette is not Caucasian etiquette; dissimilitude is written on everything.

We have looked at the dingy house-boats and over a wilderness of paintless houses, and now, lest I should lead you to think that the Chinaman has no appreciation of architecture, no love of beauty and no artistic development, we will descend, enter a sedan-chair and be carried and jostled through lanes and byways for some distance, and then enter the court of one of the most beautiful buildings in Canton.

#### 8. *Splendors of Chun-Ka-Chie, the Ancestral Hall of the Great Chun Family of Canton.*

Many believe that nothing has contributed more to the vastness and perpetuity of the Chinese Empire than their practical recognition of a commandment promulgated both by Moses and Confucius, the fifth in the Mosaic decalogue: "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

According to Confucius, in his "Filial Piety Classic," "There are three thousand crimes to which one or the other of the five kinds of punishments is attached as a penalty, and of those no one is greater than disobedience to parents"; but filial piety in the Chinese cult is very

misleading. It is not at all identical with what we look upon as children's obedience and respect for their parents in Western countries. The meaning would be better expressed if the so-called filial piety were termed veneration for ancestors, both immediate and remote, which, of course, should naturally begin with reverence for parents living. Homage to ancestors antedates Confucius; but he has emphasized its importance, and now it may be regarded as the religion of the Empire. To honor and commemorate the family line, therefore, shrines or temples are erected in which memorial tablets are placed to different members of the clan or family. This temple or ancestral hall before us has been erected, and is maintained by members of the Chun Clan, which has existed for some sixty generations. The Chun family were the founders and are still the proprietors of the Chun-li-Chai, the house name of an old medicine firm which has been in existence for a thousand years, and of which there are two establishments still to be found. This beautiful ancestral temple is a shrine at which all members of the Chun Clan, from the humblest to the highest, can place their memorial tablets for those who have gone before. There are three pavilions in this exquisite temple; in the center one, contributors of two hundred taels have the first privilege. The second pavilion is for members who can afford only one hundred taels, a third for those who are only able to pay forty taels. The walls are of brick, the floors of the courts are of granite slabs. The slender columns and the massive paneled balustrades are of gray granite. Notice

the representations of grape-vines worked out on posts and panels. Even more elaborate still are the porcelain decorations on the roofs; notice the fantastic designs that extend from the ridge of the roof to the eaves; also the roof of the arcade running across the court; these are all wrought in richly colored porcelains. Considerable time could be spent in examining the wonderful carving and grotesque decorative art in this charming structure, which is considered the finest in this part of the Empire. By a handful of "cash" (a small copper coin, seventeen of which make one cent) I induced those three juvenile Celestials to stand where you see them; but do not imagine that these boys are the only life near us; just out of sight at our left, the court is well filled with gaping onlookers, who were kept back with great difficulty. The gate of the temple had to be closed to exclude the crowd on the street. They are eager to see, but afraid to pose. You cannot conjecture what I regarded as the rarest personal phenomenon that obtained in connection with that little trio; it was something seen everywhere in Japan, but seldom in a Chinese crowd or individual; I mean that I caught once on one of those faces a genuine, roguish, first-class, fun-loving smile. I was afraid the boy lacked "filial piety." The Japanese are a laughing people; but the Chinese countenance is cold, expressionless, and as immobile as that of the eternal Sphinx. The ready laugh usually denotes a genial nature, which is often lacking in the Chinese people. The boy and little child are a familiar feature of domestic life in China. Everywhere one may

see very small boys and girls carrying and caring for younger brothers and sisters; in this respect they are certainly not only filial, but fraternal and useful.

We have had a single glance into one court of this beautiful Ancestral Hall of Chun-Ka-Chie and will now, followed by a hundred gazing onlookers, turn out into the narrow street again and wend our way toward the west to another temple, old and dingy, but which constitutes one of the chief attractions to all who visit Canton.

**9. In the Temple of Five Hundred Genii (founded A. D. 500), Canton.**

This temple was founded 500 A. D., or about fourteen hundred years ago, and is called the Flowery Forest Monastery, or Temple of Five Hundred Genii. At the early date of its establishment its surroundings probably made the former rural name appropriate. The exterior consists of a series of low, grimy buildings quite unattractive in appearance; so we lose little in confining ourselves to this view within where you can see a phalanx of the celebrated so-called Genii from which the temple takes the latter name. These really are statues representing noteworthy disciples of Buddha; they are familiarly called Josses or idols.

This being a Buddhistic shrine, let me, while we look at these odd figures, tell you briefly who Buddha was; you may easily know much more about this famous character than I do myself, yet it may be otherwise with some. I have visited many of the most noted Buddhistic temples

in India, Burmah and Ceylon, and have often been surprised to find how much error exists with reference to Buddhism. For instance, many do not know that there are more Buddhists than Christians; that about one-third of the population of the world are Buddhists; that Buddhism is numerically the religion of the world; that two-thirds of the population of China are followers of Gautama, or Buddha. Yet till the middle of this century there was nothing but vague notion and conjecture in Europe or America respecting the nature and origin of this world religion. There are over four hundred million disciples of the wonderful philosophy taught by the so-styled Buddha. There are eminent scholars who doubt that such a person ever existed, and believe that Buddha was only a metaphorical figment; but Oriental authorities have no doubt as to the historical reality of a personal Buddha. They give the time and place of his birth and many incidents of his life with the utmost particularity. You say, What statues are these? They are not statues of Buddha, but statues of men who have been worthy disciples of him. Many are inclined to laugh at these Josses or so-called idols, and suppose the Chinese followers of Buddha worship them; some of the more ignorant may do so; but intelligent followers do not worship these statues.

You see small sticks, called Joss-sticks, in those pots; these are burned before the statues, and this naturally leads one to believe this is idol worship. Buddhists offer flowers and oil and make reverence before the statues of

Buddha, his relics, and the monuments containing them; yes, these things are done and offered as before stated, but not in the spirit of an idolater. We do the same with the graves and statues of our honored dead, and we do not call it idolatry.

The object of the statue is to recall the example of him who taught the way that leads to deliverance. We see essentially the same thing in our Christian religion; great and worthy men in the church have been canonized and are called saints. We know how the mother of our Savior and his disciples are worshiped because they were near to Christ. In the same way, these statues representing noteworthy examples of Buddhism are honored by the followers of that great teacher, and the honor shown in some cases may resemble worship. They are intended, however, only to remind the disciple of those who have pointed the way to Nirvana, as they call a state of deliverance from the ills of the present life.

More interesting even than these figures, however, are the teachings of Buddha, the tenets and principles of life that have won the faith and following of more than a third of the human race, a full account of which would require volumes; but here I can only mention a few cardinal points in his life and teachings, taken from a carefully compiled Buddhist catechism:

- (1) Buddha was not a God, but a man born at Kapilavastu, one hundred miles northeast of Benares, in India, 623 B. C.
- (2) Buddha is not his real name, but the name of a condition or state of mind; it means enlightened, or he who has the per-

fect wisdom. His royal name was Siddartha; Gautama or Gotama, his family name. He was Prince of Kapilavastu. His father was King Suddhodana; his mother, Queen Maya, who ruled over the Sakyas, an Aryan tribe.

- (3) In form Buddha was a man; but internally not like other men. That is to say, in mental and moral qualities he excelled all other men of his own or subsequent times.
- (4) Buddha was born and reared in a splendid palace, and when he was but a child he seemed to understand all arts and sciences, almost without study; but he did not become a Buddha in his splendid palace; he saw the vanity and sufferings of human life and, in order to discover the cause of them and how to escape from them, he left his beautiful palaces, his beloved wife and only son, and retired to the solitude of the jungle, where he spent several years in meditation and fasting. At one time he was at the point of death from starvation; after years of struggle he decided that the higher knowledge could never be attained by fasting or penance. He took food, repaired to an asvattha tree and determined not to leave the spot till he attained Buddhahood. Just before the dawn of the next day, the light of supreme knowledge was revealed to him and he saw at once the cause of all human suffering and the means of escape. The cause, in a single word, he ascribed to ignorance.

- (5) Of things that cause sorrow, he gives:

Birth, growth, decay, illness, death, separation from things we love, hating what cannot be avoided, craving for what cannot be obtained.

As a means of escape from these sorrows, he gives what he has called the *Noble Eight-fold Path*. The parts of this path are:

(1) Right Belief; (2) Right Thought; (3) Right Speech; (4) Right Doctrine; (5) Right Means of Living; (6) Right Endeavor; (7) Right Memory; (8) Right Meditation. The

man who follows these will be free from sorrow and reach salvation (Nirvana).

Buddha has summed up his whole religion in one verse:

“To cease from all sin,  
To get virtue,  
To cleanse one’s own heart,  
This is the religion of the Buddhists.”

The following are five precepts imposed on the laity, in general:

- (1) I observe the precept to abstain from destroying the life of any being.
- (2) I observe the precept to refrain from stealing.
- (3) I observe the precept to abstain from unlawful sexual intercourse.
- (4) I observe the precept to abstain from falsehood.
- (5) I observe the precept to abstain from using intoxicating liquors and drugs that tend to procrastination (stupefy).

This is a brief list of precepts for the laity. Other precepts may be voluntarily added to this, and a special list is required of the priests.

You say, how about transmigration or rebirth—is not that one of the peculiarities of their belief? Yes, the Buddhist believes, according to Alcott’s interpretation of their philosophy, that “The unsatisfied desire for things that belong to the state of personal existence in the material world causes us to be reborn. This unquenched

thirst for physical existence is a force, and has a creative power in itself, so strong that it draws the being back into mundane life. It is in reconciliation with science, since it is the doctrine of cause and effect. Science teaches that man is the result of a law of development, from an imperfect and a lower to a higher and a perfect condition which is called evolution."

Now, with this brief résumé of some salient features of this world-wide philosophy, we will go on with our inspection of this line of figures. You see that these statues represent Mongolianized types of Buddha as represented in India; they have the drooping, looped ears; they all have the sitting posture; their heads are shaved after the fashion of Buddhist priests the world over; they wear the flowing, loose robe of cotton, dyed yellow; they have Chinese shoes; no two are in the same pose. Sometimes I think the great Buddha must have been lazy; I have scarcely, if ever, seen a statue in any way typical of him that was not in a sitting position and did not represent him as suspiciously obese. These are certainly a good-natured lot of worthies, and some of them must be guilty of telling a good story, for, from one end of the line to the other, they wear a pleasant smile. I told you at the Ancestral Hall that a smile is a rare phenomenon in China, and I cannot help entertaining a mild suspicion that some slight consanguinity exists between the grinning boy at the former place and these sacerdotal figures.

The interior of this temple is quadrangular, and every side of the square is flanked by double rows of figures,

five hundred in all, and all blackened with the smoke of incense that has been curling up before them for centuries.

But we have stopped here for considerable time; let us betake ourselves hence to a great national institution, one of another type. See the red lines marked 10 near the right-hand portion of Map No. 4.

**10. Examination Hall—Rows of Twelve Thousand Cells, where the Ku-Yan Triennial Examinations are held, Canton.**

You will scarcely think it possible that those low, shed-like structures, hardly more imposing in appearance than the cattle-pens in some city stockyards, are the halls in which applicants for examination for degrees that nearly correspond with our college degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts are held. Yes, once in three years learned examiners come from Pekin to test here the literary merit of those who aim to fill government offices or to obtain honorary degrees. The government of China has encouraged the higher education of the few by dispensing state offices and honors only to scholars, and the distribution is based on this system of elaborate examinations. As far as it goes it is an equitable system of civil service; for the poorest may rise to the highest rank next to the Emperor. China is the only country in the world in which titles of honor for learning are higher and more lucrative than those conferred on military officials. The greatest general is outranked by a Doctor of Laws. The preparation for these triennial examinations

is very unlike our preparation for a degree in college; it consists largely in a cramming with obsolete Confucian classics. The applicant most likely to secure a degree is the one who has memorized and can best quote the four sacred books and the five classics of Confucius. Four degrees are conferred. Examinations for the first degree are held in provincial towns throughout the Empire; for the second, in each capital of the eighteen provinces. Those for the third are held in Pekin; the final examination gives the successful candidate a membership in the Imperial Academy. Every male, without respect to age or position, is eligible, and should a degree be obtained, even though no government appointment be the result, the possessor is not only honored in his community, but enjoys an immunity from the baser penalties of the law, such as bamboo flagellations, which are inflicted for many trivial offenses. The examinations are very rigorous and often only a very small number out of the thousands of applicants carry away the honors of a degree.

Women are not eligible in these examinations; indeed, they can hardly be considered eligible to any education whatever, as immemorial usage has placed them on a lamentable plane of inferiority, as is exemplified by the prevalence of female infanticide.

The grounds of this Examination Hall cover about twenty acres and contain accommodation for twelve thousand competitors. We entered through a gate at the farther end of this causeway, and we are now standing on the upper floor of a building which contains apartments

for two chiefs and ten junior examiners; also for the Viceroy and the Governor of the Province, whose presence is required during the examinations. The examiners who are sent from Pekin are received with every mark of honor and ceremony. We are here looking southeast over one portion of the ground covered by the examination cells or pens. You will notice the low, narrow brick structures with half-roofs sloping toward the entrance side, with a narrow alley or lane between them; these long, shed-like buildings are partitioned off into spaces five feet six inches deep, three feet eight inches broad and six feet high. Each cell, when occupied, is securely closed in front by a strong wooden grating. In these solid brick quarters the candidate is confined for two whole days and nights, during which time he is to complete his essay or poem. From a tower built for the purpose, a close watch is maintained over the whole area, and the utmost precaution is taken to prevent students from smuggling into their cells any available item of literature. These buildings and the whole surroundings have a cheerless and dilapidated aspect which we can hardly discern here. You will notice, on the end of each range of cells, characters designating the number of the range and the cells included. You can see also the source of the water supply for the twelve thousand feverish and anxious competitors that are locked in those close, hot cells for two days and two nights; I mean the cisterns with stone curbs that extend along the space between the causeway and the buildings. I need not tell you that the two Oriental specimens

below us, with bare heads and poorly shod feet and stiffly akimboed arms are not defeated candidates for literary honors; they are but common coolies who, as you can readily see, impose on art when they pose for "cash." I wonder if you have noticed while looking upon this scene that trees are deciduous about Canton? This becomes an interesting fact when I remind you that we are here just within the tropics, Canton being only a few miles below the Tropic of Cancer, and that frost seldom occurs here. The last snowfall, about seventy years ago, threw the inhabitants into superstitious consternation.

We will depart from this place where the Literati are made, return to the busy river life, engage a sampan, which will take us out into the stream, where we board a large coasting steamer at anchor a short distance off the European Settlement.

Our position and field of vision are given by the lines connected with the number 11 on the lower left-hand corner of the Canton map.

### ***11. West End of Shameen, an Artificial Island which Comprises the European Colony of Canton.***

Here we are looking slightly north of west, toward the west end of an artificial island, built up of sand and called Shameen (sand). This island extends east and west, parallel with the mainland, from which it is separated by a narrow canal. It is about half a mile long, comprises the European Settlement, and is connected with the native city by two bridges. It is a beautiful place, as we shall

discover when we go ashore by those trees along the wall. Among the trees yonder you can see the west end of a row of European houses that extends the full length of the island; many of them are much more imposing than those we see; some are four stories in height and surrounded by fine shrubbery and flower-gardens. In this line of buildings are all the consulates, where Li Hung Chang occasionally called during his official term in Canton. I witnessed one of these formal calls; it was marked by what we would look upon as semi-barbaric pomp; Earl Li was carried in his state-chair, followed by a motley retinue of soldiers, musicians, standard-bearers and a few horsemen on miserable and ill-caparisoned ponies. The whole proceeding seemed somewhat ludicrous and childish.

Again we see the conspicuous pawnshop looming above the other buildings, as we did when we looked over the city from the flower-boats. You may see by the Bund at the end of the row of trees a low building, on piles; it is a boathouse, in which the Europeans keep their pleasure boats. In all the Orient Europeans indulge in their home sports and pastimes; they have the race-course, the boat club, the tennis court, etc. In that building you will find the most up-to-date row-boats and the long, slender racing shells. Lying between us and the shore is another assemblage of house-boats; and here we obtain a better view of their appearance. They are short and broad, and the occupants are sheltered by a thatch of palm-leaves. At first glance one might think these boat people meant

to tell us they were not the river pirates, which are so troublesome on some parts of the river. I am sure I have seen, during the war, both in the Philippines and in China, less dignified truce emblems than those we see here, displayed by humble non-combatants craving protection of the enemy. You will observe here, again, to use a Celticism, that most of the boats are manned by women. In the small sampan one woman sculls and another rows with a single oar, while a third, sheltered by a prodigious bamboo hat, carries a child on her back, supported in the usual way by a strong cloth, which leaves the mother's hands free for manual work of any kind. These boats are all called sampans when used for carrying passengers, and whenever a European approaches that walk by the shore a number of them will at once dart toward him, vociferating: "Want sampan?" "Have sampan?" in good English; but one soon learns on entering a boat that these syncopated sentences constitute their whole stock of our language.

Before leaving this place I will direct your attention to only one other feature; it is the color and character of the water in the Pearl River. In physiography, considerable importance is always attached to the character of the water in great rivers, whether clear or turbid; whether wholesome for drinking and cooking purposes or whether malarious (whatever that may mean) and fever-producing. I have among my collection of objects from foreign countries, bottles of water from the Jordan River, the Dead Sea, the Nile, the Amazon and the Yang-tse-Kiang.

These samples, when shaken up, show the amount of turbidity, and when allowed to settle the relative amount of sediment in those bodies of water. Rivers often take their name from the appearance of their water, as the Hoang Ho (or Yellow River) from the pronounced yellow color of its water; Missouri (Mud River) from its muddy aspect; but you will feel sure that the river before us is not named Pearl River after the pearly aspect of its waters, for you can distinctly see the yellowish muddy appearance and how the reflections are diminished thereby; yet it does not seem to be unwholesome, and is much used both for cooking and drinking.

We will call that little sampan and be landed about two hundred yards to the right of what we see here, on the wall beneath that row of beautiful trees, and look back toward the river to Hongkong again. Our position is given on the map by the lines marked 12.

**12. *Mission Children, with One Little American Girl, on "Respondentia Walk," in the European Settlement, Canton.***

\* We are now in the European Settlement, on the walk by the water, looking eastward, down the river, with a group of mission children gathered under the shade of a range of stately banyan-trees. This island is only about three hundred yards in width, separated from the city of Canton by a narrow canal congested with every style of small craft. It comprises chiefly the English and French concessions, and is considered one of the most beautiful and

healthful foreign settlements in the Far East. The consulates and the homes of foreigners are all located on the Shameen. The whole island is a bower of beauty; the rows of fine modern buildings are flanked by magnificent banyan-trees, such as you see here on the river-front. There are beautiful flower-gardens, tennis-courts, cycle paths and avenues of palms; and all the feathered tribes of the neighborhood seem to appreciate European conditions and protection; these beautiful trees are all alive with birds of brilliant plumage and melodious with bird-songs. This particular promenade has a most euphonious name; it is called "Respondentia Walk." But perhaps most interesting of all is this group of pretty and well-dressed Chinese girls, who have been brought by their devoted American lady teacher from the other side of the river. The little party filled a sampan and landed on the Shameen bright and early, because I had promised them one of their pictures. They are children of the better class, well dressed and tidy and happy in expectation of receiving a picture. The missionary influence on these children is marvelous; they have no superstitious dread of foreigners or cameras; they have been taught self-respect, and to respect foreigners; they are girls, and girls in China, you must know, when they are fortunate enough to escape infanticide, have but meager consideration, and they respond most touchingly to the love bestowed upon them by their affectionate teachers. It is worth while noticing how beautifully they are attired, in silken garments, how carefully the hair is arranged after their fash-

ion, smooth and glossy. Notice also the one American child on the end of the stone seat, and the difference in features between the Caucasian and the Mongolian types; the stiff, straight, black hair of the latter, with oblique eyes, flat nose and rather poor facial lines generally, and the soft, flaxen ringlets that float about the prominent forehead of the former, with mouth and chin that are modeled on Hogarth lines of beauty.

There appears to be the promise of a smile on the face of the girl next the river; a scarce article in China, as already mentioned. A few of them carry handkerchiefs—a missionary innovation, no doubt. Their garments are not ungraceful, with their capacious sleeves and a simple cord at the neck, instead of a stiff starched collar that enforces awkwardness of head movement; note also that at least one girl has her hair knotted on the side of the head, something that is quite common with small girls in China. This bevy of Christianized little Orientals seemed much attached to their teacher, and clung to her skirts and fingers as confiding children do in Western lands. How many, such as these, have been ruthlessly sacrificed during the Boxer uprising! I have seen children just as innocent and attractive as those composing this little group, dead in the streets of Tien-tsin after the siege, and floating in the Pei-ho to be devoured by dogs.

These little Christian girls will now return to their boat down there by the wall, recross the great river and tell to their parents the strange things they have seen in the foreign settlement. And we will take an opposite direc-

tion, to our left, to a bridge that connects this foreign settlement with the native city. See the short lines marked 13 on the map.

**13. *Watching the "Foreign Devils."—Gate of the English Bridge, barring the Cantonese from the Legations, Canton.***

Here we have a perfect example of the stupid, sullen, gazing crowd that assembles instantly wherever a foreigner halts for a moment; and this is not peculiar to Canton, but to every part of the country. We are standing on the English bridge with our back to the island, and this strong iron gate is a barrier to prevent the natives from entering the foreign settlement. It is closed securely at night, and during the day is guarded closely by native police, who permit Europeans to enter the native city and duly authorized Chinese to enter the foreign quarters. The street along which this crowd is passing faces the canal over which we stand, and runs parallel with the island of Shemeen and the river. I had, up to this moment, been photographing the busy scene on the canal from the bridge on which we stand; so the crowd in a twinkling surged up to the gate to view the operation. Knowing that any appearance of deliberately making a picture of this gaping horde would scatter them precipitately beyond reach, I focus for the proper distance while the camera is aimed in another direction, swing instantly on the tripod, expose and return to the original position, without arousing their suspicion. This I repeat several

times for duplicate views without provoking a smile. Look over this mélange of faces and see how many smiles you will discover. It is a facial mosaic of sullenness, coldness and cruelty—a study for the physiognomist. There are none of the upper class in this group; a few wear caps, indicating a position above the majority, who are bareheaded coolies; there are a few boys; but, as usual, no women. We can see dimly, across the narrow street, a drug-shop with a modern lamp suspended from the ceiling, and shelves of bottles on two sides of the room which has its whole front thrown open to the street. This shop is considerably patronized by the Europeans, and usually some one in it can be found who can speak a few words of English. The Chinese, like some of our own people, have great faith in medicinal properties. They advertise and issue pamphlets setting forth the cure-all principles of their discoveries and preparations, and undoubtedly do a flourishing business in an empire where from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of the people are illiterate.

Once I was taken by my guide into a first-class native pharmacy, where the proprietor presented me with a half-dozen small sample bottles of a preparation said to be wonderfully efficacious in curing every form of disease. I can vouch for its powerful odor, but not for its curative virtues; I can vouch furthermore for the prohibitive duties put upon it in our own country, for while the six small vials were valueless to me and to everybody, the custom-house appraiser in New York, ignorant of the

contents of the tiny bottles, called them medical preparations and taxed me one dollar and fifty cents duty. Where ignorance is *profitable* it is folly to be wise.

You will not fail to notice that Scott's Codfish man, notwithstanding his piscatory impedimenta, has found his way to Canton, as he has to most parts of the world, and, without doubt, he has brought with him a supply of the universal emulsion. Many medicines from the West are found in most of the native pharmacies.

How strange we must appear to these fellows! Their eyes are still fixed upon us, and they never weary of looking at us. We are ready for a change of scene, however, and so will leave them behind the gate and stroll down the river to a place near the steamboat-landing called the "Dying-place."

#### **14. *Dying in the "Dying-field," where Discouraged Poor are Allowed to Come and Die, Canton.***

Dying-places are ordinarily in homes or in hospitals, but this poor fellow has neither a home nor a hospital in which to die. We are here in a vacant space near the river—a sort of a common littered with refuse and scavenged by starving dogs. It has been named the Dying-place, because poor, starving, miserable outcasts and homeless sick, homeless poor, homeless misery of every form come here to die. The world scarcely can present a more sad and depressing spectacle than this field of suicides; I say suicides, because many that come here come to voluntarily give up the struggle for existence and

to die by sheer will force through a slow starvation. They may be enfeebled by lingering disease; they may be unable to find employment; they may be professional vagrants; they come from different parts of the city and sometimes from the country round about. They are friendless; they are passed unnoticed by a poor and inadequate hospital service; they become utterly discouraged and hopeless and choose to die. Their fellow natives pass and repass without noticing them or thought of bestowing aid or alms, and here it is not expected; they have passed beyond the pale of charity; it is the last ditch; they are here to die, not to receive alms, and no one thinks of bestowing them. The pitiable specimen before us is near the end—too near to heed the usually dreaded camera. I attempted to catch a view of others, who, having a trifle more vitality left, crawled away on hands and knees. His glassy, fixed gaze tells how soon his long, hard struggle will be over; how soon even the grimy rags that cover his nakedness will be unnecessary. With a stone for his pillow, a sack for his garment, without food or friends, an uncoffined grave will soon be his; he has begged a fellow mortal for work, but it was refused him. Would that the vast numbers who squander extravagantly and needlessly unearned wealth could witness the innumerable instances like this—of existence so full of suffering that death is welcome. This far-gone case of destitution and misery is not the only one in this last retreat of human agony; you see another in the distance, probably a new arrival, as he yet has strength to

sit erect. I have been several times to this haunt of agony and have always found several sitting or lying in different parts of the ground. When death ends their sufferings they often remain several days before the tardy authorities remove the body, and when removed it is borne to an unknown grave in the potter's field. Probably you do not care to tarry longer before this harrowing scene in the "Dying-place." It is the darkest and the saddest, and we can find a brighter scene. Go with me to the Shameen, to the home of a faithful missionary, and there we can see a different face, a countenance illuminated by Christian "Nirvana," a Chinese Bible-woman.

**15. A Chinese Bible-woman—Many of these Faithful Teachers Have Suffered Martyrdom.**

You cannot fail to note the maternal thoughtfulness of this face, the intelligence, the kindness. Buddhistic asceticism has left her; almost the Mongolian obliquity of eyes has deserted her since Christian light entered her mind and Christian love her heart. She has been lifted from the low level of her sex among her own people to the level of European culture and refinement, and that by missionary influence. Her adopted Christian religion permits her to smile, which she can do charmingly when not posing for a picture; it also permits her to shake hands Western fashion, on an equality with European men and women, which she does gracefully and modest-

ly. Her new religion has removed her superstitious fear of the camera, and she is pleased, even anxious, to have her picture taken. What a change is wrought in these people by Christian influence! In China women are slaves and playthings. Wives and daughters are treated as animals. Their education is practically forbidden; socially they are ostracised; they do not appear in the streets nor at public functions, and I have been told that a Chinese gentleman is supposed to turn his back when one of the opposite sex passes on the street. Under these circumstances how much emancipation means to Chinese women! Can we wonder that the law of love and equality has transformed the countenance of this Bible-woman! A man, in China, may even kill his wife with impunity, provided he obtains the sanction of the mother (his mother-in-law). Can we wonder, either, that the prayer of the Chinese woman who is a Buddhist and believes in transmigration, is often that in the future existence she may be a man? It would appear from views expressed by the great founder of the Indian religion that his teachings did little to elevate the low state of women in China; for he refers to them in words which might afford grains of comfort to the misogynist and the hen-pecked husband. Here are his words: "A woman's body has many evil things in it; at birth her parents are not happy; rearing her is 'without taste' (distasteful); her heart fears men; she must rise early and late, and be very busy; she can never eat before others; her father and mother begrudge the money spent on her wedding;

she must leave father and mother ; she fears her husband and has times of travail ; if her husband curse her she is not permitted to get angry (talk back) ; in youth her father and mother rule ; in middle life her husband ; in old age she is at the beck and call of her grandchildren."

This Bible-woman is seated on the veranda of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, located in the Shameen. These devoted workers in the field of the foreign mission were evidently much interested in this woman, and spared no effort to enable me to secure views of native types, who under their Christian influence had come to think of foreigners in a reasonable way. Bible-women perform a special work in the mission field. Mr. Nelson explained to me the difficulty of reaching Chinese homes ; only men can go to the services when general meetings are held, for it is not considered proper in China for women to assemble with men, or even for young women and ladies of the better class to be seen on the street. In order, therefore, that the homes may be reached and mothers and daughters taught to forsake their idolatrous ways, elderly native Christian women are chosen and specially trained and educated for this work. Elderly women are chosen because they will be tolerated and respected when young women would be insulted. When trained for this special work they are called Bible-women. This Bible-woman is fifty-three years of age ; her name is Mak ; she belongs to the middle class ; is a widow, and had an only son who died of the plague three years ago. The son had been converted to the Christian religion some time

before he was stricken with the dreadful malady. On his death bed his faith in his new found "Nirvana" was so firm and strong as to turn his mother, who had never been in a Christian church, to the same source of consolation and hope. She applied to Christian women to learn about Jesus; then she applied for admission to the Woman's School of the American Board. She was admitted; but she could neither read nor write. She at once set to work to learn the Chinese characters; she did not ask for aid, but supported herself by selling needles, thread, yarn, etc. She made rapid progress in reading and in Gospel knowledge. Mr. Nelson says it is a common thing to see her with her Testament in hand going out from the school to sit at some home and tell the "Story." Her education necessary for the best work is not yet complete, but while now doing a good work she is still engaged in educating herself. She is very correct in her deportment, and, to show how quick she is to observe, Mr. Nelson tells that when she first entered their foreign built house she remarked: "Your religion is better than the Chinese religions; you are even allowed to move your chair about and sit where you please; while in a Chinese house chairs are not to be moved from their places against the walls." These women are paid not more than two dollars and a half a month, barely enough for food and clothing. In reference to their value and efficiency in the mission field, I give Mr. Nelson's exact words in a letter to me: "One cannot overestimate the amount of good done in China by a

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CHINA THROUGH THE STEREOSCOPE.

Bible-woman, and there are many doing work which far outshines that of their sisters in this country (America). It can be said of many of these humble workers what the Lord said of Mary—‘ She hath done what she could.’ ”

We will now be compelled to take leave of Canton; and I regret that we cannot visit more places in this quaint old city. China is a great empire, and we must travel northward; should you desire to make further exploration in this great city on the Pearl River, many other stereographed places may be had of Underwood & Underwood that will enable you to return and visit again this great emporium of the East.



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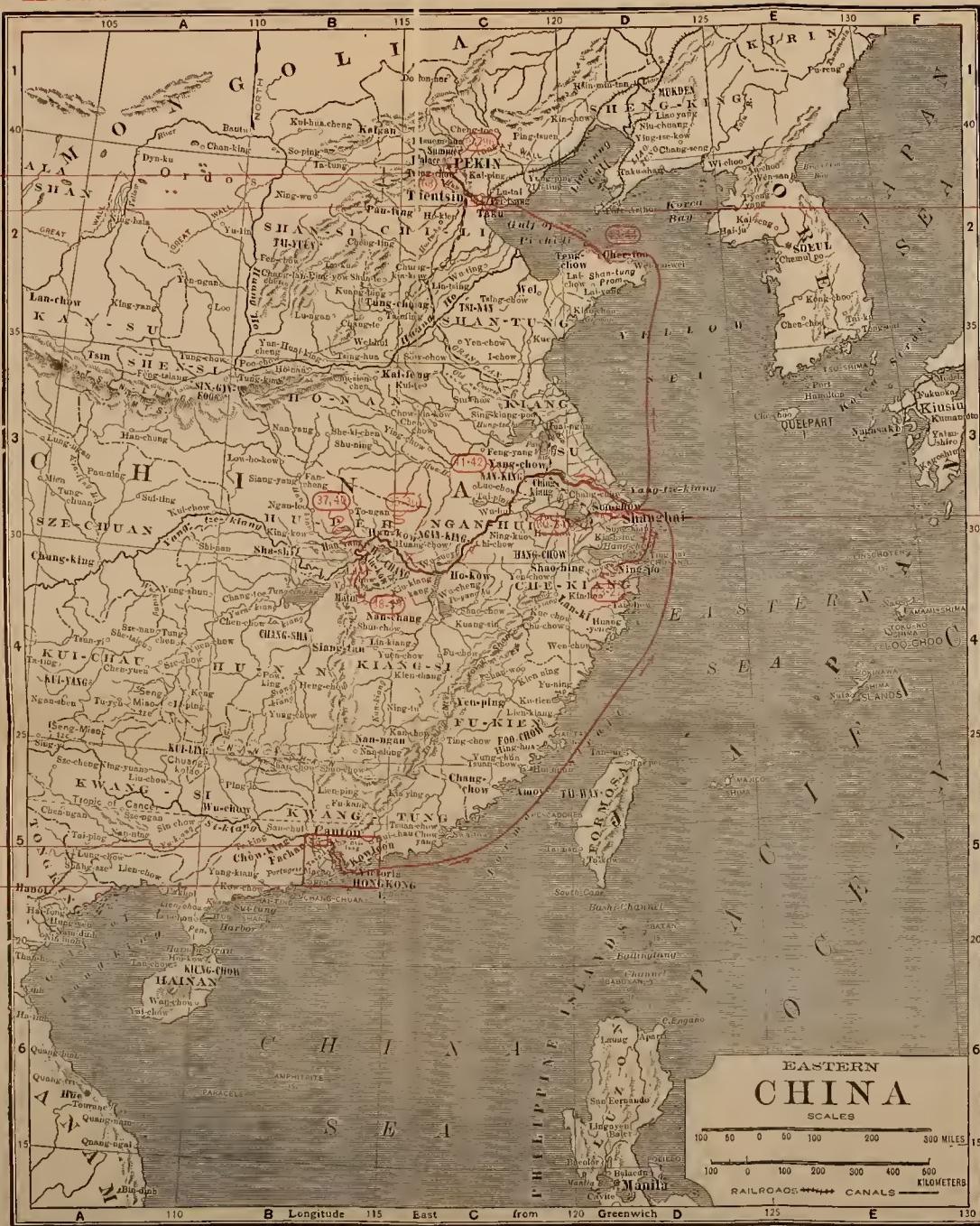
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*Patents applied for in other countries*

## **EXPLANATIONS OF MAP SYSTEM.**

- (1) The red line with arrows shows the general route along which the places to be seen in the stereographs are located.  
 (2) The numbers in red refer to stereographs correspondingly numbered.  
 (3) The rectangles in red (□) show the boundaries of special maps on a larger scale, as specified on the map margin at the end of the fine line which runs from each rectangle.  
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